backward when thou commeſt to age: wilt thou not Iule? *It ſtinted, and ſaid I.*

Iuli. And ſtint thou too, I pray thee Nurſe, ſay I.

Nurſe. *Peace I haue done: God marke thee too his grace, thou waſt the prettieſt Babe that ere I nurſt, and I might liue to ſee thee marryed once. I haue my wiſh.*

Old La. Marry that marry is the very Theame
I came to talke of, tell me daughter *Iuliet*,
How ſtands your diſpoſitions to be marryed?

Iuli. It is an houre that I dreame not of.

Nurſe. *An houre, were not I onely Nurſe, I would ſay thou hadſt ſuckt thy wiſdome from thy teat.*

Old La. Well thinke of Marriage now, yonger then you
Here in *Verona*, Ladies of eſteeme,
Are made already mothers by my count,
I was your mother, much vpon theſe yeares
That you are now a Maide, thus then in briefe:
The valiant *Paris* ſeekes you for his Loue.

Nurſe. *A man yong Lady, Lady, ſuch a man as all the world. Why hees a man of waxe.*

Old La. Veronas Summer hath not ſuch a flower,

Nurſe. *Nay, hees a flower, in faith a very flower.*

Old La. What ſay you, can you loue the Gentleman?
This night you ſhall behold him at our Feaſt,
Read ore the volume of yong *Paris* face,
And find delight, writ there with beauties Pen,
Examine euery ſeuerall liniament,
And ſee how one an other lends content:
And what obſcurde in this faire Volume lyes,
Find written in the margeant of his eyes.
This precious Booke of Loue, this vnbound Louer,
To beautifie him, onely lackes a Couer.
The fiſh liues in the Sea, and tis much pride
For faire without, the faire within to hide:
That Booke in manies eyes doth ſhare the glorie,
That in gold clapſes, locks in the golden ſtorie:
So ſhall you ſhare all that he doth poſſeſſe,

By

By hauing him, making your ſelfe no leſſe.

Nurſe. No leſſe, nay bigger women grow by m

Old La. Speake briefely can you like of *Paris* lo

Iuli. Ile looke to like, if looking liking moue.
But no more deepe will I endart myne eye
Then your conſent giues ſtrength to make it flye.

Seruing. Madam, the gueſts are come, ſupper ſ
cald, my yong Lady askt for, the Nurſe curſt it
and euery thing in extremitie: I muſt hence to wai
you follow ſtraight.

Mo. We follow thee, *Iuliet* the Countie ſtayes.

Nurſe. Goe gyrle, ſeeke happie nights to happi

Enter Romeo, Mercurio, Benuolio, *with fiue or ſ*
Maskers, Torch-bearers.

Romeo. What ſhall this ſpeech be ſpoke for our
Or ſhall we on without Apologie?

Ben. The date is out of ſuch prolixitie,
Weele haue no *Cupid*, hood-winckt with a Skarfe,
Bearing a Tartars painted Bow of Lath,
Skaring the Ladies like a Crow-keeper.
But let them meaſure vs by what they will,
Weele meaſure them a meaſure and be gone.

Rom. Giue me a Torch, I am not for this amblin
Being but heauie I will beare the light.

Mercu. Nay gentle *Romeo*, we muſt haue you da

Ro. Not I beleeue me, you haue dancing ſhooes
With nimble ſoles, I haue a ſoule of lead
So ſtakes me to the ground I cannot moue.

Mer. You are a Louer, borrow *Cupids* wings,
And ſore with them aboue a common bound.

Romeo. I am too ſore enpearced with his ſhaft,
To ſoare with his light feathers, and ſo bound,
I cannot bound a pitch aboue dull woe,
Vnder loues heauie burthen doe I ſinke.

Mercu. And to ſinke in it ſhould you burthen lo
Too great oppreſſion for a tender thing.